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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

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Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY.

Strength for the day! At early dawn I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band:
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!
I own the sign: I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed those somber clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay—
Breathe o'er my wavering heart to rest for aye.
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day!
[Scribner's Monthly.]

THE TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

I CAN think of no better way to illustrate the whole matter of our spiritual relations than by comparing our life to a tube. A tube has an external and an internal surface. It may be affected by conditions applied to its external surface, as when it is laid under ground, or through water, or in the fire; or it may be affected on the inner surface, by being filled with water, steam, hot air, &c. Our life has just these two relations; a relation to the external, material and human world which surrounds it as water the tube, and affects its external coat; and a relation also to the internal world, from which it receives influences and elements that are just as real as those of the material world. In many respects the sensations we are capable of receiving from these two worlds and sets of influences are very similar. So far as feeling is concerned we can hardly tell the difference between the love of a human being and the love of God. The same nerves may be set in motion by each of these influences. Cold or heat touching the exterior surface of a tube will affect the interior, and on the other hand, hot air or steam inside will work through and affect the external surface. So we may suppose there is a mixture of external and internal influences working on our life; the one from without inward, and the other from within outward.

The order in which we begin to grow and build up our existence appears to be this: we are first introduced to the external world, and all our first impressions are received upon the exterior surface of the tube. Until we come to a certain maturity of growth, we seem to be, like the lower animals, almost wholly under the control of external influences, and are ignorant of the fact that there is an internal world, and still more so of the fact that we have or may have intimate relations with it. So the external world has the advantage of priority in its operation upon us; it has first possession, and, so far as the devil is permitted to work in the external world, he has first possession of us. He works himself into our life by all manner of impressions. He establishes in us the

thoughts, feelings, affections and habits which belong to animal selfishness. When we come to the light, we find that we are possessed by various idolatries. What I mean by coming to the light is, that when we have arrived at a certain maturity, a process takes place in our life (illustrated by that experienced at the age of puberty), by which we discover in ourselves a new social and spiritual capacity. We come to know that in our vital constitutions we are tubular, or that there is an internal surface which God can reach, and which is affected by another world than that which we externally see and feel. But the difficulty is that when we come to a knowledge of this truth about ourselves, we find that we have been previously so much possessed by the external world, and its habits and affections have such complete control over us, that it seems impossible to escape from it. When spiritual life begins to enter the tube, a strife commences within us to recover our attention from the external world, and to send it to the inner surface, where it meets God and the society that comes from the eternal world. That is the process which the gospel and the hope of salvation bring into us. It is a struggle to transfer our attention and the whole voluntary power of our life from the external surface to the internal, and to place ourselves under the control of God; to let that which pertains to the interior of our life hold and propel us, instead of allowing ourselves to be controlled by external impressions.

When we come to the discovery of the existence and capabilities of this inner surface, we begin to adopt the philosophy of the New Testament, and talk of Christ and the kingdom of heaven being within us, of being "filled with all the fullness of God," &c. Such language implies forcibly this very idea that we are constituted like a tube which Christ's life, having the properties of a substantial element, may be said to enter and fill.

The spiritual law which this discovery brings upon us is, that God's demand, made through the susceptibilities of our inner life, must be attended to before all things else. Notwithstanding the external surface of our life is full of pre-established sensations and attractions and engaged in a thousand pleasant activities, when God begins to work within us he demands that we shall forsake all and give him our whole attention. This claim must be thoroughly satisfied. In one way or another, he will have our whole heart, and so entirely absorb our attention that (to continue our figure) though the tube should be in water or fire externally, the internal surface shall be insensible to anything but God; the sensations we get from the internal life shall so pervade our whole texture as to leave no place for sensations from external influences. That is the

law of God—the first principle of the spiritual kingdom we are living under. Our relations to the external world are not to be neglected at last, but are to be entirely controlled by the internal. There is to be no disputing between the two worlds, no continuous struggle of their claims within us; but we are to betray and surrender the external world unconditionally, and in its complete subordination we are to find peace.

Heaven is a state in which the external is thoroughly harmonized with the internal—a sphere in which the soul, constantly receiving and responding to God, is also surrounded by his Providence in a manner to match exactly the internal conditions. That is the perfect music of love; that is the eternal harmony.

THE UNIVERSAL GAME.

BY HENRY J. SEYMOUR.

THERE are certain cities in Germany, much frequented by strangers and tourists from all parts of the world, whose leading and almost only business is *gaming*. They abound in gaming establishments, which are furnished in the most gorgeous manner, and offer every inducement to visitors of wealth and leisure, to tempt them to risk their money at games of chance. At a roulette establishment in one of these cities, it was once observed that a most wonderful run of luck attended the owner. As strangers were constantly coming and going the fact was not specially noted or commented on for a considerable length of time, and it was not until hundreds of individuals had been fleeced, and there had been several suicides in the neighborhood, that suspicion was sufficiently aroused to start legal investigation, which brought to light the fact of a fraudulent construction of the gaming machinery. The result was that the establishment was suppressed and the property belonging to it confiscated. The immediate effect of this transaction was the formation of a society among the respectable gamblers for the purpose of investigating and watching the gambling establishments throughout the city, in order that there might be no cheating or unfair proceedings of any kind. The final result was that the whole city won a reputation for fair dealing in gaming; strangers became more free to risk their gold, and the gaming interest was greatly increased. Though the evil results of gaming were not so apparent as at the time when the extreme cases of cheating were enacting, yet owing to the increased number of persons who engaged in the business there were more cases of suicide. But there was this consolation: every one who lost his all could have the comfort of knowing that he lost it fairly, according to the strictest rules of gaming, and could complain of no one but himself.

There was, however, one singular phenomenon which occurred. An obscure party of fanatics was organized, who declared most emphatically that the whole system of gaming was a terrible abomination and ought to be utterly abolished. This they did in the face of the fact that gaming was the chief source of revenue to the city, without which it would

sink into comparative insignificance. Fortunately or otherwise, this party was very small and never able to carry into execution its fantastic policy.

Another illustration of my theme occurs to me. Here is competitive society, in which every one is engaged in the great game of securing to himself as much as he can of the good things of life. It is not altogether a game of chance, but one in which skill plays a leading part. There are many forms which this game takes—just as “poker,” “whist,” “billiards,” “dominoes,” etc., are played in the same gaming establishment. It is true also that the most of the gamblers are able to make some sort of living out of the game, good, bad or indifferent. Notwithstanding these modifications and varieties, the business of getting a living or securing property is essentially a competitive game, depending on skill and chance, and many are the cases in which individuals are completely ruined, stripped of everything, and compelled to go to the poor-house, or at least to live by some small game of pitch-pennies which requires little or no capital.

In this great game in which the very worst as well as the best specimens of human character are engaged, there is necessarily a great deal of cheating. For the purpose of suppressing this evil, a great system of laws is established in all civilized countries; but it is found practically, that among the immense variety of games in which people of all grades of cunning and simplicity are engaged it is exceedingly difficult to ensure fair play. To accomplish this, laws have been heaped upon laws until the system has become exceedingly complex, and an appeal to the law is itself considered, in the majority of cases, a most hazardous game of chance.

One peculiarity that is worthy of notice is, that there is a class of people possessed of a certain temperament and of a high degree of skill who in the long run are sure to win and to accumulate in their own hands the lion's share of all the good things that exist in the world and can be appropriated by man. This of course leaves the other and much more numerous class, who do not possess these qualities, either in absolute suffering or destitution or in a condition bordering upon it. The law never attempts to interfere with this condition of things save to establish poor-houses, where those who have been completely worsted in their games are allowed enough to keep them from absolute starvation. Aside from this, its only function appears to be that of offering a court of appeal to any one who claims that the game in which he was engaged was not fairly played.

This universally prevailing condition of things has been much criticised and condemned. The followers of Fourier and others have declared that it is a shame that every one's happiness and success—nay, almost his existence on the earth—should depend on his luck and skill as a gambler. They say that persons might be infinitely happier as well as far more useful to the world if they were allowed to follow the bent of their genius without being trammelled with the care and anxiety

that universally attend this all-absorbing game. The remedy that Fourier and his followers proposed was, to gather men into associations where they could live more economically, make better provision for their sick and disabled than our poor-houses do, and greatly improve the chances of those who have but little skill at gaming; at the same time they proposed to be careful not to interfere with those who choose to devote themselves wholly to the work of accumulating, but, on the contrary, to increase their facilities. Although this half-way method of dealing with the evil of gaming has commended itself to many, it seems to be impracticable. Men who engage in games of chance and skill like to have the whole of their property under their own control, and not to be hampered by too many partners.

Another scheme for alleviating the hardships that universally attend this great system of gaming is that of the French Communists. Their plan, if I understand it, is for the Government to establish a currency based on all existing property, and to distribute this currency equally among the people at certain established periods. This would enable those who had been beaten at their games to begin anew from time to time, with a more even chance of success. Even if this plan were practicable, it is apparent that it would render the shiftless more shiftless and discourage all enterprise in the production of wealth.

The question, How shall these terrible evils which universally attend this system of gaming be removed? still remains unsolved before the world. There has arisen, however, an exceedingly small party, which is generally regarded as a company of religious fanatics, who declare that this whole system of gaming is false and wicked; that it is founded on a state of selfishness and hardness of heart for which the lower world is responsible. They say that people who have their hearts cleansed from selfishness do not need to have anything whatever to do with the gaming spirit in obtaining their proper share of the good things of this life. People can all share alike, or rather each can take whatever is good for him of this world's goods, and yet be ten times more enterprising in the work of production than those who are under the selfish and hurtful stimulus of the gaming spirit. This sect corresponds to the fanatical party of which I spoke as having arisen in that German city in opposition to gaming of all sorts, notwithstanding such a measure would occasion the financial ruin of the city. This party happens to have arisen in the United States, where all who choose and are able may put into practice their peculiar notions. They have attempted the practical carrying out of their views, and have thus far met with some success. It remains to be seen whether such strange notions can prevail and make headway in this enlightened age.

MY FIRST CONVERSION.

FOR a long time I had been growing skeptical. Things kept occurring which strengthened unbelief, and one after another the threads of faith that had fastened me to God parted, and I found myself sailing on a

sea unknown to me. My faith in the Bible went with the rest. I became an infidel, and would soon have become an unbeliever in all goodness had I not been suddenly arrested in my downward course. My father was a thoroughly earnest man, and believed in Christ and the Bible with all his heart. I respected him for this in spite of my own unbelief. One night I was talking with him, when he said, "Let us confess Christ in us." I answered, "Yes, if there is any Christ;" and as I spoke it seemed as if the last bit of solid foundation under me gave way: my sensations were those of one falling into some deep pit, from which there was no apparent escape. I do not remember what father said in reply; but I remember I cried as a man does but few times in his life. My whole being seemed concentrated in the desire to escape from my situation. Suddenly I felt myself borne up, and I knew that Christ had come to rescue me. I felt as sure that he was with me and would save me as I have ever been of my existence. Then tears of anguish were changed into tears of joy, and I was filled with love for God and Christ.

This was my first conversion. The experience has been valuable to me in many ways since then. It taught me a lesson in faith that has been with me through all subsequent trials. Everything that had before obstructed my faith was swallowed up in the great fact of the existence of Christ and his goodness to those in need of his help.

E. S. B.

HANDWRITING.

BY C. W. UNDERWOOD.

TALLEYRAND, the French diplomatist, I think it was, who said that language was invented for the purpose of enabling man to *conceal* his thoughts.

Mr. Brown, our neighbor on the hill, has now an amount of business that will not permit him to carry his accounts in his head; but whenever I see his handwriting, or that of Mr. Jones, the lawyer, or that of Miss Smink—a young lady in the village whose education is finished, but whose communications are often mistaken by hasty eyes for so much blank paper of superior quality—I am somehow reminded of this saying of Talleyrand.

I was once present in the old court-house when Lawyer Jones examined a rare witness—a man of mature years with craft lurking in the rear of every line of his countenance like a thief behind a fence. Lawyer Jones was very much in earnest; he scrutinized the wrinkled face sharply, but was utterly baffled several times. At last, however, skill outwitted craft. The knavish deponent, much against his inclination, was made to tell the truth about the matter.

Later, when Lawyer Jones addressed the jury, I noticed that he had frequent reference to a litter of papers on the table before him, for information bearing on the trial; but I afterwards learned that neither the jury, nor even the lawyers on the opposite side, examine the papers as closely as they may, could possibly make sense of anything they could find in them. This led me to see that a manuscript may be more illegible than a face, and to reflect:

If you have thoughts that you wish to hide, and you doubt that you can keep them yourself; or if you wish to hold documents of value in such a way, that if occasion required you could certify to their possession, but which if discovered could be

of no possible use to any person else—a state of things barely conceivable—give them orally and slowly, a word at a time, to some such penman to commit to writing; you may find comfort in the assurance that you will never be troubled by them thereafter. In such cases, the inexplicable style of writing may be of service.

Should some person of good sense who is also a lover of statistics undertake to classify the people that use pens, he would begin, it seems to me, by separating them into two divisions:—

1st. Those that write in a way to be easily read.

2d. Those that write in a way to be read with difficulty, even if at all.

The number is probably small that would think they were rightly placed if included in the second division. Good writing, however, is that which any body can read. Readers the most unpracticed should be able to decipher any piece of writing from any member of the *first* division; therefore if you belong to that, though your scripture may be coarse and ungainly, it will certainly be plain. The up-strokes and down-strokes will be alike legible, unconfused by flourishes or "hair-lines" that require a strained eye to follow: they will also have a uniform slant or uprightness, and therefore none of your capitals, small letters, or figures will be so turned over on its side as to oblige your reader to drop the head toward the shoulder, in order to make it appear in its natural position. Each letter will be so clearly traced, that standing alone it would be at once recognized, and of course your *e's* and *i's*, and *g's* and *y's*, and *h's* and *k's*, and *n's* and *u's*, and *m's* and *w's*, and the cross-marks of your *t's*, and the dots over your *i's*, will be readily distinguished. Your words will be correctly spelled, and rarely abbreviated: they will also be uniformly spaced, that is, there will be a blank following each word sufficiently wide for a small *m*, thus enabling the eye to individualize them at a glance.

The Duke of Wellington, writing to a lady, "regretted much that he had not been able to read her letter," and "entreated her to write in a plain hand, in dark ink, and in few words what her commands are." An admirable reply to his fair but inconsiderate correspondent. There is a billet or two of the Duke to a neighbor of his, presented to us by the neighbor's son, among the other curious things in the vestibule of the O. C. Hall, which, by the by, any visitor is welcome to see. Assuming that he could read his own writing, we think the Duke had a skillful eye. It is therefore to be presumed, if he was not competent to unriddle the letter of the lady, that she would be entitled to one of the foremost places in division *second*.

The styles of bad handwriting are multiform and irreducible. Here is one that is quite common: the small letters, *c, e, i, m, n, r, s, u, v, w*, are so nearly alike—who has not seen reams of such manuscript?—as to be undistinguishable.

Here is another: this is what many would call elegant, you say; but see you how it reads! You discover that the up-strokes of the small letters are so extremely fine, and the capitals so disguised by clouds of flourishes, that it is quite illegible.

Take one more specimen: that looks smooth at the distance of a yard or two, and as though it might be readable; but bring it sufficiently near the eye, and you find that the letters and words run together into an ill-defined blur, having the appearance of a belt of woods on the verge of the horizon.

Now any writing that is not easily read is an impoliteness to the person to whom it is sent. Next to good thoughts, nothing is so grateful to your reader, whether editor or correspondent, as a plain, simple handwriting. It may be graceful and even elegant; *it must be legible*.

"MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

III.

WHAT with fighting bugs and weeds one would almost forget that anything else was growing in the garden. Finally, he startles us by calling out loudly "Let us have peas." He had peas. Hear the fate of them:

I have been a zealous advocate of the birds. I have rejoiced in their multiplication. I have endured their concerts at four o'clock in the morning without a murmur. Let them come, I said, and eat the worms, in order that we, later, may enjoy the foliage and the fruits of the earth. We have a cat, a magnificent animal of the sex which votes (but not a pole-cat),—so large and powerful that, if he were in the army, he would be called Long Tom. He is a cat of fine disposition, the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away in a cat, and a splendid hunter. He spends his nights, not in social dissipation, but in gathering rats, mice, flying-squirrels, and also birds. I wish I knew as much about natural history as he does. He is the closest observer I ever saw, and there are few species of animals on the place that he has not analyzed. I think that he has, to use a euphemism very remarkable to him, got outside of every one of them except the toad. To the toad he is entirely indifferent; but I presume he knows that the toad is the most useful animal in the garden. When he first brought me a bird, I told him that it was wrong, and tried to convince him, while he was eating it, that he was doing wrong: for he is a reasonable cat, and understands pretty much everything except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc, but with no effect. The killing of birds went on to my great regret and shame.

The other day I went to my garden to get a mess of peas. I had seen, the day before, that they were just ready to pick. How I had lined the ground, planted, hoed, bushed them! The bushes were very fine, seven feet high, and of good wood. How I had delighted in the growing, the blowing, the podding! What a touching thought it was that they had all podded for me! When I went to pick them, I found the pods all split open, and the peas gone. The dear little birds, who are so fond of the strawberries, had eaten them all. Perhaps there were left as many as I planted; I did not count them. I made a rapid estimate of the cost of the seed, the interest of the ground, the price of labor, the value of the bushes, the anxiety of weeks of watchfulness. I looked about me on the face of Nature. The wind blew from the south so soft and treacherous! A thrush sang in the woods so deceitfully! All nature seemed fair. But who was to give me back my peas? The fowls of the air have peas; but what has man?

I went into the house. I called Calvin. (That is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness. We never familiarly call him John.) I petted Calvin. I lavished upon him an enthusiastic freedom. I told him that he had no fault: that the one action I had called a vice was an heroic exhibition of regard for my interests. I bade him go and do likewise continually. I now saw how much better instinct is than mere unguided reason. Calvin knew, if he had put his opinions into English (instead of his native catalogue), it would have been: "You need not teach your grandmother to suck eggs." It was only the round of Nature. The worms eat a noxious something in the ground. The birds eat the worms. Calvin eats the birds. We eat—no, we do not eat Calvin. Then the chain stops. When you ascend the scale of being, and come to an animal that is, like ourselves, inedible, you have arrived at a result where you can rest. Let us respect the cat. He completes an edible chain.

The inexhaustible good nature of our friend under all his difficulties is admirable. The ravages of the bugs, the defiance of the weeds, the audacity of the birds, alike fail to move him to anything more than philosophical complaints. Who does not know how aggravating it is when you have met with some trouble or loss utterly beyond remedy, to have your neighbors, well meaning, but officious, pour in upon you all sorts of useless suggestions? Useless! they are aggravating; but be as indignant as you may, you are helpless; your only resource is submission or flight. But in addition to the loss of his peas, this wise gardener bears with patience the advice of his many friends.

One says, "A scarecrow would keep the birds away;" but with characteristic humor he remarks:

This I am doubtful about. The birds are too used to seeing a person with old clothes in the garden to mind that. I tried that plan in a way which I thought would outwit the shrewdest bird. The brain of the bird is not large, but it is all concentrated on one object, and that is the attempt to elude the devices of modern civilization which injure his chances of food. I knew that, if I put up a complete stuffed man, the bird would detect the imitation at once: the perfection of the thing would show him that it was a trick. People always overdo the matter when they attempt deception. I therefore hung some loose garments of a bright red color upon a rake-head, and set them up among the vines. The supposition was that the bird would think there was an effort to trap him, that there was a man behind, holding up these garments, and would sing as he kept at a distance. 'You can't catch me with any such double device.' The bird would know, or think he knew, that I would not hang up such a scare, in the expectation that it would pass for a man, and deceive a bird; and he would therefore look for a deeper plot. I expected to outwit the bird by a duplicity that was simplicity itself. I may have over-calculated the sagacity and reasoning power of the bird. At any rate, I did over-calculate the amount of peas I should gather.

But my game was only half played. In another part of the garden were other peas, growing and blowing. To these I took good care not to attract the attention of the birds by any scarecrow whatever. I left the old scarecrow conspicuously flaunting above the old vines; and by this means I hope to keep the attention of the birds confined to that side of the garden. I am convinced that this is the true use of a scarecrow: it is a lure, and not a warning. If you wish to save men from any particular vice, set up a tremendous cry of warning about some other; and they will all give their special efforts to the one to which attention is called. This profound truth is about the only thing I have yet realized out of my pea vines. DUET.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 13, 1872.

VISIT OF OLE BULL.

HAVING learned that Ole Bull was to be at Oneida village on Tuesday, the 7th of May, and remembering that he had at one time expressed a purpose to call at the Community whenever he could do so without going too far out of his way, we sent our agent, F. W. S., to Syracuse on Monday to extend an invitation to him and troupe to make us a visit of a few hours, preceding their Oneida concert. Early Tuesday forenoon we received a telegram from F. W. S. conveying the pleasing intelligence that the invitation was accepted. The noon train brought Ole Bull and his entire troupe.

The day was fine, and appropriate for the occasion. A pleasant stroll about our grounds, a lively game of croquet, and the dinner, occupied the time until nearly half-past 3 o'clock. The company were in fine spirits, and seemed to be as pleased with the invitation we gave them as we were with their acceptance. Their childlike enjoyment of every thing they saw and heard was very refreshing. The artists besides Ole Bull, were Miss Gertrude Orme, Soprano; Mr. Chatterton, Tenor; Prof. Carlo Tiesset, Pianist and Conductor: the company also included a sister of Miss Orme; Mr. Turnbull, the agent; Mr. Ashforth and Mr. Mayer. Ole Bull was very genial, and conversed freely with our amateur musicians about musical matters, allowing them to examine without scruple his magnificent Gaspar Di Salo violin, and costly bow mounted with diamonds. He expressed himself enthusiastically about many things which came under his notice, and styled our home a "second Eden." When introduced to Mr. J. H. Noyes, he was told that

Mr. N.'s throat would not allow him to talk much, to which he responded heartily, "You have no need to speak—your works speak for you."

Everything was in readiness for the concert at half-past three. It was conducted with the least possible formality. To begin with, our nine little ones toddled upon the stage with their scarlet dresses and white pinafores, and delighted our guests. The older children then sang a simple piece. The musical entertainment opened with a well-executed piano solo, by Prof. Carlo Tiesset. Ole Bull then played "Introduction and Variations to 'Lily Dale,'" composed by himself. Our sensations while listening to this artist for the first time cannot well be portrayed. We have no language to describe his rendering of this beautiful composition. He closed his eyes, and seemed to have forgotten everything except his violin, to which he gave his heart and soul.

We were hardly ready for the change when Miss Orme and Mr. Chatterton were announced to give us the very pretty duet, "*Guarda che Bianca Luna*," by Campana. Their intonation was excellent, and the music pleased us, but the words were foreign. Miss Orme then sang a very pleasing ballad entitled, "What shall I Say?" Her voice is rich and deep, and she rendered every word distinctly. Ole Bull appeared the second time amid loud applause, and played "The Nightingale," from a Russian legend. The execution of this piece was marvelous, and though some of it seemed weird and incomprehensible, yet the bird imitations were perfectly amazing, and we were fascinated by every movement of his magic bow. A hearty *encore* brought him smiling before us, when he crowned the occasion by performing "Sweet Home." The effect produced was indescribable; the tones he brought forth were exquisite, ravishing, enchanting, thrilling, enrapturing, heavenly. He was soul to soul with his audience, and when the last note ceased it was like breaking a spell.

At the close of the entertainment little Richard presented Ole Bull with a bouquet, which seemed to please him exceedingly. He expressed pleasure when he saw we had invited our neighbors and operatives to enjoy the occasion with us, and said they would remember it. There were a few moments left before the return train for expressions of mutual good feeling and congratulation, which were improved to the utmost. No one was more sparkling and vivacious than Ole Bull, and we regretted that the time of parting had arrived. Even after the party had taken their seats in the cars, he said to one of our young men through the car-window, "Give my love to Mr. Noyes." The whole affair had been pleasant, and not least to be remembered was the kindness of Mr. Turnbull, Ole Bull's agent, who seemed to take pleasure in making the occasion agreeable. The concert and incidents attending will be remembered for a lifetime. In our evening meeting, when we recounted the events of the day, Mr. Noyes proposed a vote of thanks to the heavens for arranging this entertainment for us, to which all most unanimously responded.

The personal appearance and manners of Ole Bull and also his style of execution are very finely and accurately delineated in a letter written by Mr. G. W. Noyes nearly fifteen years ago. The description is true to the life:

"He is a man of good figure, though rather slender, and in the prime of life. He advances and bows low; then raising his violin to his chin he inclines his head on one side toward the instrument for a moment, as if caressing it, or more probably he is feeling his way into some sort of sympathetic communication with it, by his finger and ear, preparatory to the bewitching strains which he draws forth. Raising his bow, he commences with a gentle, gliding movement, giving tones of exquisite finish, and with the full-drawn length of his bow. His

eyes droop, and close, or appear closed, and with a statue-like stillness of face and feature, he is evidently soon past the consciousness of any body or any thing but the genius of melody which he is invoking. He strikes suddenly into a bolder key, and gives off a series of pyrotechnics on the upper strings. Then follow two-part and three-part strains, staccato passages in which he merely whips the catgut, or thrums it with his fingers, and, most curious of all, he plays an occasional melody in harmonics, in which the tones of the violin are transformed into the clearest, bird-like notes of the flute or flageolet. The superiority of his playing appears not so much in the execution of any given piece in a routine manner, as it does in his wonderful mastery of his instrument, making it yield to his manipulation all manner of uncommon and surprising effects. The appearance of the man during his playing, the trance-like absorption which is manifestly the secret of his power, is an interesting psychological phenomenon."

Ole Bull is an educated man and a thinker. In his violin playing we see many features in which he varies from the strict school established by such masters as Spohr, Vieuxtemps, Joachim and David. The position of his left hand, his manner of holding the violin, etc., are unique; but he has evidently thought much on every point connected with his art, and has endeavored to conform to natural laws. He holds his left hand very high, in order that in the shifting of the hand from a high to a low position gravitation may hold the violin under his chin, thereby, as he says, "making a friend of that which was before an enemy." The bridge of his violin is very flat, so flat that the two middle strings are only raised a fraction of their diameter above the outside ones, and he is thus enabled, with a firm pressure of the bow, to vibrate all the strings at once, and so play whole passages in three and four parts. When Ole Bull played in New York, some four years ago, his peculiarly flat bridge caused quite a sensation among the young professional violinists, who hastened to have their violins fitted with similar ones, but found to their dismay that it required better nerves than they possessed to draw the bow across one of the middle strings without vibrating the adjacent ones. But perhaps the most thrilling effect of Ole Bull's playing is that produced by his wonderful harmonics. The young amateur, who has learned from books that three harmonic tones may be found on each string, is surprised to hear the violin of the great Norwegian suddenly pour forth a whole melody in harmonics as sweet and liquid as the tones of the Bobolink; and his surprise deepens into ecstasy when he hears a second harmonic part added, forming a delicious *Æolian* duet. The fingers of the great artist seem to possess the power of multiplying themselves, so that while one or two are employed in stopping the strings the others intone the artificial harmonics.

NEIDA.

The *Seaside Oracle* has added to the usual announcements of "Marriages" and "Deaths," that of "Divorces"—the latter properly enough coming between the other two. In its issue of the 4th inst. we notice *one* marriage, *one* death, and *three* divorces.

We see it stated that an English Society of Christians succeeded last year in the probable conversion of thirteen Jews—at the expense of the entire time of two missionaries with a money outlay of \$20,000, for each convert.

The *Springfield Republican* says: "The men who are now taking the lead in newspaper writing have more culture and cleverness and are better trained than their predecessors, while they are no less earnest and animated by lofty aims. Bombast, stilted rhetoric, alliteration and constant straining for effect, are being replaced by simplicity and

vigor of language, logic, genuine wit and humor, and courtesy of tone. We hear less personal abuse, invective and malicious satire, and more sound reasoning in discussion."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Among the pleasant outdoor sights on our grounds these days is the large flock of Lincolnshire, Southdown and Cotswold sheep and lambs, that are enjoying their first grazing this spring, scattered over the meadow fronting our dwelling-house.

—The building across the Creek formerly used for a boarding-house is now fitted up for dairy purposes. We purpose to make our own butter this season, instead of sending our milk to the cheese-factory, as heretofore, and depending for butter upon the neighboring farmers.

—The O. C. seems destined, so far at least as location is concerned, to be "a city set upon a hill," which "cannot be hid." First came the Midland, penetrating our retirement and opening a highway of travel through our grounds; and now there is an immediate prospect of another railroad running very near us—a great double-track trunk-line, which is to rival the Central railroad in power and importance. With the coming of these railroads there arises the interesting practical question: Where now is to be our back-door? With the public road in front, and railroads in the rear converting that into a front too, there does not seem to be much chance for untidiness anywhere. And to complicate the question still further, an obstinate row of wooden buildings and sheds, very convenient but very unsightly, stands immediately in the rear of our brick buildings, i. e., faces the railroad, and is among the first and most conspicuous objects of view from the car-windows of the Midland. After some discussion, we have concluded that for the future we must put up brick buildings large enough to include all necessary back-door conveniences under cover. In the mean time, there is a firm resolve to improve the present condition of things by reducing the old buildings aforesaid, pending their final removal, to something like sightliness and respectability.

—We learn from a late visitor, residing at New Bedford, Mass., who is largely interested in the whaling business, that only about two hundred American vessels are at present engaged in this enterprise, instead of the much greater number employed in it before petroleum was used for illuminating purposes. One hundred and fifty sail from New Bedford, nineteen from Provincetown, and the same number from New London, Conn., which formerly sent out seventy-five. Only six whaling vessels now sail from Boston, and two from New York. The vessels are usually absent from two to three years. The loss of thirty-three whaling-vessels in the Arctic waters last year was a severe blow to this business; but other vessels will soon be built to replace them. Fortunately, the crews of these ill-fated ships were all saved, though exposed to severe hardships; over twelve hundred of them were obliged to abandon their vessels, and flee for their lives in small boats to a few of their fleet that had escaped into open waters before the ice shut them in. Of the two hundred and nineteen vessels reported in the *Whalemen's Shipping List*, thirty-four are bound for the Indian Ocean; fifty-seven for the Pacific; seventy-two for the North Pacific; forty-six for the Atlantic; two for Hudson Bay; four for Cumberland Inlet; and four for Desolation.

—While Ole Bull and party (for an account of whose visit here see previous page) were on the tower viewing the landscape far and near, a little incident

occurred which gave him an opportunity to express his opinion of the modern trail. One of our women accidentally trod on the trailing silk skirt of Miss Orme, and hastened to apologize; but Ole Bull observing it, interrupted with, "Good—I'm glad. I wish they would be stepped on; they ought to be. Women will go and dress themselves like animals with tails, looking so ridiculous. I hope they *will* be stepped on."

—G. W. H., who has the oversight of our boiler room, has recently been making a trial of "tannate of soda" for removing the scale which accumulates on the inside of the boiler-pipes in consequence of using hard water. After a two weeks' trial in our Root boiler, nearly half a bushel of broken-down scale and soft mud was taken out. The action of the tannate is to first loosen the scale. At present about two lbs. a week are used; but after the scale is once thoroughly removed, the occasional application of a much smaller quantity will keep the boilers free from any further deposit of it. G. W. H. thinks if it continues to work as well as it now promises, it will make a saving of thousands of dollars in a few years in fuel alone, besides a saving in the wear and tear of boilers, and relief from the risk of explosions. Tannate of soda has been in use for this purpose about three years, and is steadily gaining the confidence of the public. Its cost, in a crude form, is 50 cents a lb., and can be obtained, with instructions how to use it, of J. G. Rogers, Madison, Ind.

—Our lawns, now attired in their loveliest green, are receiving for the first time this season the services of the hand mowing-machine. By commencing thus early, and repeating the operation of mowing once a week or oftener, the grass is kept closely shaven, and is green, soft and velvety all summer long. All the trees, too, are fast taking on their summer dress of green. And the appearance of cowslips, scurvy-grass and dandelion in the meadows, all so suggestive of "greens," daily entices out to gather them little parties who are fond of that palatable dish.—Among the flowers, the polyanthus, the daffodil, the crocus and hyacinth are in full bloom, and the tulip beds are just ready to make a gorgeous display. Indeed, the whole flower-garden, under the energetic manipulations of Mr. and Mrs. B. and their assistants, is fast assuming artistic proportions. But "Miss Portia," who for the last year or two has been so enthusiastic and untiring in her loving labors among the flowers, we notice has graduated from the position of superintendent in Flora's domain to fill the same office in our family "kindergarten," where her ever-faithful services receive increased appreciation in proportion as the interests of stirpiculture are greater than those of floriculture.

A Two-Year Old's Idea of the Ocean.—Mother S. was telling Richard and Humphrey that Mr. Ole Bull had gone away on the cars and was on his way to the great ocean: whereupon Humphrey eagerly asks, "Is he going to *spatter*?"

The Children's Meeting.—I was present yesterday at the Children's Meeting. This is not the "Children's Hour," which has sometimes been mentioned in this Journal. The Children's Hour is a reunion of all the family, or as many as please, with the children after supper in the Upper Sitting-Room or the Hall, and is an occasional thing; but the Children's Meeting is a daily meeting held with the children by the heads of the department in one of their own rooms, and is an immemorial institution, having begun with the organization of our Children's House more than twenty years ago, and been kept up with little intermission ever since. It was formerly held in the morning at eight or at nine o'clock, but at present the hour is from four to five in the afternoon. Its length, however, is frequently shortened. Its object is moral effect

by a variety of exercises, such as reading, conversation, confession of Christ and criticism. As in our family meeting every evening, we spread the Sabbath exercises over all the week, so in our Children's Meeting we spread the Sunday School over all the week. One of their number was criticised in the meeting yesterday—a boy of nine or ten. His spirit and manners had given offense for some time, and he was advised to offer himself for criticism. He was old enough to know that it would do him good, and he had grace enough to want to improve, so he offered himself. Two or three of the family were invited in. The children were very sincere. Every one of them had something to say about the boy's selfish, inharmonious ways. Even Ransom and Eugene, youngsters of six or seven, had been outraged in their sense of what is right and wrong. There was no malice in what the children said. They are too ingenious to hold a grudge. The truth is, a formal criticism finds you in the most dispassionate frame of mind. The subject takes an attitude that virtually says, "I have done wrong," and you forgive him any personal grievance. You tell the truth about him without any bitterness. The effect on him is not to provoke or discourage, but to soften him and baptize him with the Community spirit. The children are forbidden to "tell of each other," as the saying is, on common occasions, but we give them a legitimate opportunity for making complaint from time to time, in a way to get a benefit all round. In these criticisms they take lessons in the highest esthetics—esthetics of character.—Not long ago they tried the effect of a round of criticism on one of the babies, as we call them—Pip, twenty months old. He is the pride of babydom; the best little fellow that ever was, as a general thing; but he would slip about one thing. Moderate correction did not seem to cure him; so one day he was set in the midst of the Children's Meeting, and they all said what they thought about his careless habit. Richard and Humphrey were quite vehement in their disapprobation. They said, "Pip is a naughty boy to do so." He felt awfully solemn there in his chair, but did not cry or say a word. Well, the effect was wonderful—beyond all expectation. It cured him entirely. He has n't given any trouble of the kind since. True criticism given in love does not work on the understanding chiefly; it affects the spirit and will, and makes it easy for the one who is criticised to change.

WALLINGFORD.

May 1.—We had shad for dinner to-day for the first time this season—fresh from the Connecticut. At the table some one was reminded of the Yankee who, waxing eloquent over that far-famed stream, said:

"Roll on, loved Connecticut!
Long hast thou ran,
Giving shad to old Hartford,
And freedom to man!"

—Good luck, on the whole, attends labors on the new dam. Quicksand and other obstacles have to be encountered, but they were anticipated.

May 7.—The weather was so cold yesterday that we thought of snow, but for all that the cherry trees are in blossom. To-day affords a striking contrast; it is very warm, and the roads are dusty.

—In the evening meeting Mr. Hamilton expressed the feeling of his heart as entirely in the direction of good and the revival spirit. The spirit of heaven is powerful and able to help us under all circumstances, help us to be joyful and happy. God is the blessed God: his spirit is working in our hearts to save us from egotism, make us new creatures, and fill us with the peace of heaven. Criticism and discipline are necessary from time to time; yet it is the Lord's strange work: his great work is to bless and make us happy. Let us

all give place to the spirit that will bear fruit unto God from day to day. We don't know what a day may bring forth. It may bring forth in us something that will show us that God is in us producing good works.

UNDERCURRENT.

Days come and go; we wake, we eat, we sleep;
Sometimes are happy, sometimes sad and weep;
The world moves on, and Time, with rapid flight,
Hastens the day when wrong shall yield to right.
What live we for? And whither do we tend?
Are we of use to man? Is God our friend?
And do we strive, with most untiring zeal,
His cause to serve and do his honored will?
Treasures lie deep, and only they are wise
Who toil and dig for gems that fools despise.
The earnest heart is sure the prize to gain
That careless ease may hope to reach in vain.
What in the present wrings our hearts the most
May in the future be our joy and boast.
Nothing is lost, since God's far-seeing eye
Watches our steps and shapes our destiny.

E. V. J.

THE GREAT COLISEUM AGAIN.

Oneida, May 9, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—Since the publication of my brief notes about the Coliseum—its demolition and restoration—contained in last week's CIRCULAR—I have had the pleasure of perusing the *Musical Bulletin*; and chiefly from this source have gathered a few facts touching the World's Peace Jubilee which may not be void of interest to your readers.

To show the enthusiasm felt among the choral societies of this country, it is only necessary to say, that within two weeks after the issue of the first circular, on the 19th of February last, by Dr. Tourjee, the chorus superintendent, no less than one hundred and fifty musical societies, aggregating over twenty thousand singers, had joined the chorus. Twenty-two societies have since been added, while quite a large number of applications have been rejected. The entire country, from Maine to California, will be represented, while Boston alone will furnish not less than six thousand singers.

The orchestra will be made up of one thousand selected musicians, which, with the military bands, American and foreign, will constitute in all about two thousand players. New York, it is expected, will furnish five hundred of this number; while Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago and other cities of the South and West will make up the remainder.

The instruments for this select orchestra will be as follows: First Violins, 250; Second Violins, 200; Violas, 150; Violoncellos, 100; Contra Basses, 100; First Flutes, 12; Second Flutes, 12; First Clarionets, 12; Second Clarionets, 12; First Oboes, 10; Second Oboes, 10; Bassoons (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 20; French Horns (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 24; Trumpets (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 24; Alto Trombones, 12; Tenor Trombones, 12; Bass Trombones, 8; Bass Tubas, 6; Tympani (pairs), 6; Small Drums, 10; Bass Drums, 4; Cymbals (pairs), 4; Great Drum, 1; Great Triangle, 1; total, 1,000.

Messrs. J. H. Wilcox & Co., of Boston, have taken the contract for building the Jubilee organ. Dr. Wilcox drew the specifications of the organ used in the Jubilee of 1869, but this instrument will be on a larger scale and of double the power.

The modifications in the plan of the edifice now building in reducing the height, as mentioned in your last issue, it seems does not interfere with the original design so far as space is concerned. The Coliseum is to include a gallery seventy-five feet deep, and the building as a whole, it is calculated, will seat not less than one hundred thousand people. The chorus and orchestra will occupy 84,800 square feet, or nearly two acres; while 120,950 square feet, or nearly three acres, will be given to the audience.

The artillery accompaniments, introduced in 1869 and fired by electricity, will be repeated on this occasion; and it is proposed in addition to have a chime of bells, finely attuned, hung either within or just without the building. "It has also been suggested that by means of the Atlantic cable, guns may be fired simultaneously in Boston and London when 'God Save the Queen' is sung and played.

The music, for the greater part, will be sacred. The selections announced are principally from the great masters, Mendelssohn being most conspicuous. Handel's oratorio of "Israel in Egypt" will be given entire, by a chorus of singers familiar with the music, resident in Boston and its adjacent towns. Each programme will contain one or more familiar hymns to be sung by the full chorus and audience together. This will be "congregational singing" on a large scale. Among the pieces of this description named are Old Hundred, "Be thou, O God, exalted high;" Coronation, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' name;" and many others. Mr. Wescott, of Saratoga, who with the musical association of that place is booked to participate in the Jubilee concerts, told me they were drilling on the "Anvil Chorus;" so there is a prospect of that popular selection being reproduced. Rossini's solo and chorus, "Inflamatus" (Stabat Mater) is also to be rendered. But I do not learn that Pareppa Rosa is to sing the solo; and who besides her among living singers can be heard to any great extent in such an audience?

The national airs of England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Hungary, Switzerland, and other nations, as well as those of our own country, will be performed. Mr. Gilmore has visited Europe and succeeded in securing the sympathy and coöperation of several foreign governments in his grand undertaking. The great leaders of music in the Old World, including Strauss, Bilse, Benedict, Sullivan, Barnby and others, have promised to furnish original compositions for the occasion; and it is reported that Strauss, with his orchestra, is to be present and take part in each concert. The Emperor William has been solicited to allow the "Royal Music Corps" to participate, and his consent has been obtained. Herr Weipricht, Bandmaster-General of the German army, is to be present, if his health will permit. He is also to write an international *pot-pourri* on German and American themes for the occasion. Belgium, it is expected, will send her famous band of the "Guides." Contributions from Russia in the same line will not be wanting. England will probably send at least one choral company, together with the celebrated Grenadier Guards, led by Godfrey. It is the design of the managers to make this not a national affair simply, but in truth a World's Peace Jubilee. May it prove a success!

B.

SONG.

IN good old Bible times song was the principal means employed in extolling the goodness and mercy of God. Moses and the children of Israel were overflowing with love for God when they sang this song of gladness: "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. * * * Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? * * * The Lord shall reign forever and ever." Whereupon, "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And this no doubt

was the most effective way they could have chosen to glorify God.

David also had recourse to song in his addresses to God: "With my song will I praise thee. * * * I will sing a new song. * * * Thou hast put a new song into my mouth. * * * I will praise God with the song!" And in one place he not only exhorts every one to sing unto God, but avows his own determination to do so. He says, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to God while I have my being."

Paul exhorts believers to "speak to themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

In the great revivals of 1831-4 there was an accompanying enthusiasm for religious songs; and they were often sung with an unction and power that is indescribable. There is no doubt but as many souls were converted by the singing as by the preaching. Such words as the following have sent conviction to the heart of many a sinner:

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
Say poor sinner, lovest thou me?
Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

The following touching lines have melted the heart of many a one who had just tasted the sweets of redeeming love:

O Jesus, my Savior, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet:
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord and my God
I love thee, I love thee,
And that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee
I never can show.

The universal characteristic of all large religious assemblies is to express the unutterable emotions of the heart in inspired song. This was true of the early Perfectionists—many of whom seemed gifted with a spirit of song. At the commencement of our organization at Oneida, in 1849, there was a marked enthusiasm for songs of praise and thanksgiving; and as we came together from the north, south, east and west, a variety of songs was furnished us, from which we made a selection for home singing.

In the revival we had during the past winter, we found the natural vent for our religious enthusiasm in song. The old songs came back to us with renewed freshness; many lines almost forgotten were brought from their obscurity, and made to assist in the grand cause of forwarding the revival movement. Such simple songs as, "Canaan, it is my happy home," "Jesus, thy love shall we forget?" "The pure Testimony," etc., were sung by young and old with unusual fervency, and in a true spirit of worship. We have many times exclaimed in our hearts, "Thank God for the good old revival songs."

S. B. C.

Wallingford Community.

DETERIORATION OF THE POTATO.

IT is the commonly received opinion among farmers that the potato deteriorates, or "runs out," as it is termed; that though a certain kind may be never so good and valuable, it will, by continuous cultivation in one locality for a series of years, become comparatively worthless. In a word, it is believed that varieties have no permanence; hence the practice of changing by procuring seed from a distance, and the rage for new and improved varieties, etc. That the potato does deteriorate under certain circumstances and treatment, I have no doubt; but that this tendency to revert to its original character is inevitable, I do not believe, for

the reason that facts prove the contrary. I will mention one fact in point which last season came to my knowledge. A neighbor, who prides himself on raising fine early potatoes, has planted a certain variety for the last twenty years in succession, and always on the same piece of ground. Instead of showing any perceptible deterioration, he declares that the variety has improved; that the tubers are larger and finer in quality than when he first obtained the seed. He is an experimenter in the Development Theory, though he does not perhaps know it; as he always selects his seed very carefully. Whenever he discovers, during the digging season, a tuber that suits his fancy in every respect, he lays it aside for seed; he will have none but the very best. It is well understood that there is a universal tendency for species and varieties to "sport," or vary. Hence the necessity of carefully selecting seed of all kinds if we would maintain the present standard of any fruit or vegetable, and especially if we would seek to improve it.

H. T.

THE INFLUENCE OF TREES ON THE FLOW OF SPRINGS.

BY R. S. DELATRE.

WHATEVER may be the influence of trees on the climate (a question not yet settled) no one can deny that they have a great deal to do with springs. Both the old and the new world give abundant proof of it. Many works on the subject have been published on both sides of the Atlantic, containing an array of facts that must be received as conclusive evidence that the forest is the natural reservoir of the spring—that, as a general thing, if you destroy the one you destroy the other. A very remarkable instance of this is given in Marsh's book ("Man and Nature," p. 207): "The influence of forests on springs," says Hummel, "is strikingly shown by an instance at Heilbronn. The woods on the hills surrounding the town are cut in regular succession every twentieth year. As the annual cuttings approach a certain point, the springs yield less water, some of them none at all; but as the young growth shoots up, they flow more and more freely, and at length bubble up again in all their original abundance." And to show how close the connection is between forest and fountain, I will give a fact recorded by the author himself (p. 197): "I remember one case where a small mountain spring, which disappeared soon after the clearing of the ground where it rose, was recovered about ten or twelve years ago, by simply allowing the bushes and young trees to grow upon a rocky knoll, not more than half an acre in extent, immediately above it, and has since continued to flow uninterruptedly." In short, there is hardly a limit to the abundance of evidence, which is not only convincing but interesting; and, that it may not remain buried in books, accessible only to a small minority, itinerant lecturers should be employed. I think, to carry it to every man's door, that people may no longer look on with indifference, still less pursue a course so suicidal. There is yet a great deal of the old prejudice against trees. Even in Spain, the hatred of trees is to this day proverbial, and of course the land is as dry as a bone. It is a relief, however, to find that France more especially has set a good example in repairing the damage of the past, by the creation of new forests. But let us not wait for governments to act. Every one can help. If you plant but one tree, call it something toward the aggregate result. If we could only get up a general enthusiasm on the subject, the waste places of the earth would be restored to us. Otherwise, sooner or later it will come home to us all—in our own case for instance. The Community have a beautiful little grove about half a mile west of us, full of springs that supply

us with water. But what do we know of their sources? They may be away up on the West Hill, depending upon those very woods which are cut away year after year! If so, it is beyond our control, for the woods are not ours.

United action is needed in the matter. Towns and counties might meet for consultation, and contrive some way of securing the desired balance between wood and water. Why not leave a fringe of woods along the water-courses—which, while adding to the beauty of the prospect, would serve as a check to the excessive evaporation? Pisciculture, too, might be taken up as a branch of the question, which no doubt would invest the subject with additional interest. Let us not be a hundred years behind the times. Let each one rise up to the occasion, and resolve that he will do his very best on his own little acre, to maintain 'tween heaven and earth the link that is supplied by the forest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Calais, Me., April 29, 1872.

EDITOR ONEIDA CIRCULAR:—In your issue of Mar. 25th I find a letter from Ezra Yoder in reply to a note from E. B. Schutt; and as "Christian Communism" has been one of my chief studies for many years, I wish to say to the readers of the CIRCULAR in general, and to friend Yoder in particular, that I fully indorse the sentiments expressed in his letter and the remarks which accompanied it. And I would also say to all Christians, who may be anxious to enjoy the external advantages of Communism, Seek first of all communion with Jesus Christ and the pentecostal family; seek that spiritual guidance which an intimate acquaintance and fellowship with them alone can give; and the Master will, in his own good time, gather his children together in his own right way. It matters not so much where we are if we are united to Christ. All his children are brethren; all his promises are theirs to the end of time. We are not our own, but Christ's; and the things intrusted to our care by him are but for us to use in his service, for the purpose of spreading his gospel. Let us labor on in the position in which the Master has placed us, remembering that "godliness with contentment is great gain;" and that the "promise is to him who endureth to the end." There is no place for idleness in the Master's ranks; neither is there a place for speculators nor egotists. For Jesus all must labor. Selfishness belongs to the devil.

Yours in Christ, J. B. C.

SCIENTIFIC DOGMATISM.

The *Scientific American*, in an article on the "Relation of Science to Religion," administers the following criticism to the school of English scientists:

All scientists have agreed that what can neither be demonstrated as a fact, nor logically inferred from facts, has no place in science. Reasoning by analogy can therefore have a comparatively limited sphere in science. For although well determined analogies are facts, the chances are ten to one that a supposed analogy will, when critically examined, turn out to be only a *pseudo* resemblance.

What we charge against the teachers of this school is, that, while their development theory is purely a system of analogical reasoning, they do not declare that this or that conclusion is *probably* correct, but assert it as fact, and as dogmatically as the most ultra and fanatical religionists, whose bigotry they denounce. Thus Huxley, in his address on protoplasm, asserts as positively that in this substance we have the ultimate physical basis of life, and that protoplasm has its origin in the chemical combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen in the presence of living protoplasm. The whole tone of his address, though he did not say as much in words, was a sort of triumphant self-congratulation that there is no need of sup-

posing a special Creator, since chemical affinity is the general cause of animated existence. Is then chemical affinity the cause uncaused? Have we yet, or shall we ever arrive at the cause uncaused? Does the development theory, the knowledge of protoplasm, help us in recognizing the first of all causes? Would even spontaneous generation, if proved to take place, as many have sought to prove, reveal a cause behind which we can affirm no other cause can stand? From the very nature of the case, we can answer these questions in the negative.

So long, then, as mysteries exist, and this will always be the case, man will by faith stretch out his hands toward the hidden realm, and hope that in that realm there may be something to satisfy the aspirations of his soul, brighter and better than what it has found through all his gropings; and this faith will form the basis of some kind of religion. The majority of men may perhaps be taught to believe that the human race sprang from apes, but so believing and seeing the enormous distance they have progressed from the condition of those animals, they will hardly set limits to progress, and will be little convinced that all opportunity for individual advance is limited to the few toilsome years which form the average term of human life.

The skepticism of the present day is based upon as blind a faith as the belief of the orthodox. But we do not care to quarrel with this faith, or with conclusions derived from pure speculation, any more than we would quarrel with faith in revealed religion.

A writer in *Nature*, in a review of "Quetelet's Contributions to the Science of Man," makes the following well-considered remarks upon almsgiving: "Until modern ages, through all the countries of higher civilization, men have been urged by their teachers of morality to give to the poor, worthy or unworthy; the state of public opinion being well exemplified by the narrowing of the word 'charity' from its original sense to denote the distribution of doles. Yet, when the statistics of pauperism were collected and studied, it was shown that indiscriminate almsgiving is an action rather evil than good, its tendency being not only to maintain, but to produce, idle and miserable paupers. In our time a large proportion of the public and private funds distributed among the poor is spent in actually diminishing their industry, frugality, and self-reliance. Yet the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving is diminishing under the influence of sounder knowledge of social laws, and genuine charity is more and more directed by careful study of the means by which wealth may be spent for the distinct benefit of society. Such examples as these show clearly the imperfection and untrustworthiness of traditional, or what is called intuitive morality, in deciding on questions of right and wrong, and the necessity of appealing in all cases to the best attainable information of social science to decide what actions are really for or against the general good, and are therefore to be classed as virtuous or vicious."

Fashion kills more than toil or sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task still lives and grows old, and sees two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washwoman, with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are always worthless for all good ends in life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be fed in order. If they raise children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth.—*Lancet*.

The ONEIDA CIRCULAR, printed by the Oneida Community is next to the *Aldine* in its appearance

and contents, and would be its equal if it contained illustrations. If we wished to speak well of it, there would be no necessity of saying more than that it is printed at the Oneida Community, and the public would take it for granted that it is perfect.—*The Weekly News*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

An analysis of the lava recently flowing from Vesuvius gives 39 parts Silica, 18 lime, 14 alumina, 3 Magnesia, 13 protoxide of iron, 1 potash, 10 soda, 2 water; being a substance closely resembling common wine-bottle glass.

A letter from the Hassler Expedition gives an account of the passage through the straits of Magellan, and of numerous scientific discoveries by Prof. Agassiz. The proofs of glacial action in Patagonia are abundant; evidences of the existence of coal were discovered, as also that her mountains are extinct volcanoes, confirming the legends that gave the name Terra del Fuego to the region bordering the straits.

GEOGRAPHICAL WORK.

The *American Journal of Science and Arts* for May contains an article on recent geographical work in the United States, which indicates a good degree of activity and progress toward an accurate knowledge of the physical features and resources of the country. The first work mentioned is the topographical and hydrographical survey in progress during the past year in lakes Superior, Michigan, St. Clair and Champlain, and on the St. Lawrence river, under the direction of Major C. B. Comstock, described in detail in the report of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, presented to Congress in December last. Other surveys mentioned, are the exploration of the territory south of the Central Pacific R. R., embracing parts of Eastern Nevada and Arizona, begun in 1869 by Lieutenant Wheeler, and in progress during the past year; Capt. Raymond's survey of the river Yukon, in Alaska; King's survey of the Fortieth Parallel; surveys and reconnaissances of western rivers, investigations of the Yellowstone Geysers, the survey of the route of the Northern Pacific R. R., and of transportation routes in Minnesota and Dakota. The survey of the Fortieth Parallel, still in progress, "embraces a very complete scientific examination of a section of country which traverses, from west to east, nearly the entire Cordillera system." It includes the making of topographical maps of the region surveyed, on a scale of two miles to the inch, examinations in geology by "careful and actual sections over the whole area," observations on the climatic conditions of the Great Basin, botanical and zoological collections, and investigations in the department of mining industry. The results will be embodied in several volumes on the different subjects, to be published by the Congressional Printing Establishment. The volume on mining is already published with an accompanying atlas, and that on botany is in printing. The one on geology is ready for the press.

THE NORTH POLE.

We condense the following from a letter in the *N. Y. Weekly Times*, dated at St. Pierre, Newfoundland, April 15, 1872: The Danish brig Meerbek, which arrived here yesterday, brings intelligence from the U. S. Arctic expedition under Capt. Hall. When the Meerbek left Disco, Greenland, March 1, the Polaris had been two days at Disco undergoing repairs and procuring a fresh supply of provisions, having sprung a leak in consequence of repeated collisions with icy snags on February 8. The log of the Polaris contained many strange discoveries, which led to the conviction that in the extreme and undiscovered North, there is at times a genial atmosphere and open seas. Plants were detected in the ice which are indigenous to southern climates, and the examination of a floating stick of wood proved it to be the limb of some huge birch. The most important clue to the existence of a polar passage is the fact that the crew of the Polaris killed a whale having in one of its fins a harpoon similar to those used in the Pacific. In May, Capt. Hall hopes to make a clear passage to the undiscovered pole, and if not detained by unforeseen accidents, the Polaris will be at home next September. Capt. Hall asserts that if there is any habitable land in the vicinity of the North Pole, it will be

the *ne plus ultra* of salubrious climates; and his only fear is that he and his men may have to encounter before landing a new and formidable race of human beings.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

The President has signed the bill making tea and coffee free of duty after July 1st, 1872.

Niblo's Theater, one of the old land-marks of New York city, has been destroyed by fire.

The public debt of the United States was reduced \$12,588,000 during the month of April.

Large fires are again burning in the mountain woods along the Hudson river and also in New Jersey.

News from Mexico reports the army of the revolutionists broken to pieces, and existing only in bands for the sake of plunder.

A Connecticut firm has contracted to construct within two years a double-track railroad and carriage-way across the Mississippi, for four million dollars.

Prince Kamehameha, the youngest son of the King of the Sandwich Islands, has arrived in San Francisco, and is understood to be going to New York to attend school.

The amnesty bill, with Mr. Sumner's civil-rights amendment attached, has been defeated in the United States Senate by a vote of 32 yeas to 22 noes, the bill requiring a two-thirds' majority.

The belief appears to be extending that the Washington Treaty will prove a failure, in consequence of the British Government's refusal to submit the question of indirect losses to the Tribunal of Arbitration.

The authorities of Havana, Cuba, have taken measures to suppress gambling, which had become alarmingly prevalent in that city. Several houses have already been closed, and seventeen professional gamblers have been banished from the island.

The Superintendent of the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum, Doct. Daniel E. Dodge, has sailed for England, having been invited to lay before a committee of the House of Commons the results of the experiments in this country for the cure of inebriety.

A Local Prohibition Bill has passed both houses of the New York legislature, allowing each town and city to decide by popular vote whether liquor shall be sold within its boundaries or not. This plan was tried many years ago, but did not work well in the country, and was abandoned.

FOREIGN.

The news is received by letter from Japan that the tolerance of the Christian religion is decreed in that empire.

In the British House of Commons the Ministry has been defeated in a vote on the Scotch Education Bill, the House voting 216 to 209 to make the Scriptures form a part of the instruction in schools.

The police authorities of Copenhagen, Denmark, have forbidden the members of the International Society to hold meetings in the city, and the President and Secretary of the Society have been arrested.

Telegraphic dispatches from Bombay to London announce a disastrous flood in the Southern part of India, involving, besides the loss of a large amount of property, as many as one thousand lives by drowning.

A memorial, signed by Carlyle, Huxley, Froude, J. Stuart Mills, Morley, Ruskin, and many others, has been presented to Earl Granville, urging the British Government to secure a just and equitable copyright treaty with the United States.

Marshall Serrano, the leader of the Spanish forces against Don Carlos, has reported officially that a decisive victory had been gained over the enemy in the province of Navarre, and that Don Carlos was fleeing toward the French frontier, pursued by Spanish volunteers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. C. B., Philadelphia.—In answer to your postscript—No. To O. C. H., Iowa City, Iowa.—If not too much trouble, we should like to have you write and send us the sketch mentioned at the close of your letter.

To H. H., Rochester, N. Y.—We send you a copy of our weekly exponent, the ONEIDA CIRCULAR, in which you will find a list of our publications. The "Hand-Book" will give you a glance

at our organization and principles. After its perusal you will be able to determine whether it is best for you to order other works for the purpose of more thoroughly investigating our system. We are not at present seeking new members. There are already three lawyers in the Community; they are mainly employed in productive industries, as no demand is made on their professional wisdom on account of internal disputes.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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History of American Socialisms. By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

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